

Peters, president of the famous 42d-st. Country Club. "Well, you know Joe couldn't leave the ponies alone?" began Peters.

"Yes, I knew that," said the stranger, "and that's why I asked."

"So he's out in St. Louis at a summer garden," said Peters, "making a book on a steam merry go round."

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM is an Englishman; but he has a deadly gift of apt retort that goes far to counteract the opinion prevalent on this side of the water that Englishmen never see a joke or make one.

On his last visit to America, Sir Charles had occasion to call on George Cohan's partner in the producing business, Sam Harris. A typical theatrical district officeboy received him in an outer office, took his card, read the name engraved on it, and then, after waiting his own good time, took the card inside.

"Tell Sir Charles to come right in at once," said Harris, brushing the cigar ashes off his lap nervously.

The boy went outside. "Hey, you Charley," he called across the room, "you wit' the lamps! The boss says you kin stroll in, Charley."

The noted Englishman rose solemnly. "Why be so formal, me lad?" he said gravely. "Why not call me Windy?"

W. R. HEARST, the editor, does not belong to Broadway exactly; but he is so well known along it that a story told of him might properly belong to such a chronicle as this. One afternoon not long ago, he walked into the editorial room of one of his papers, to find it almost deserted.

"Where's Mr. So and So?" he asked an officeboy.

"He telephoned that he went to a club smoker last night and ate something that disagreed with him," was the answer. "He said he wouldn't be down at all today."

"And Mr. So and So—where's he?"

"Oh, Mr. So and So is attending an

outing of such and such an association," said the boy.

"But Mr. This and That should be here by now," persisted Hearst.

"He took in a banquet night before last and hasn't been able to come down since," explained the officeboy.

Hearst turned away sadly. "For a man who never touches a drop," he lamented, "I seem to suffer more from the effect of alcohol than anybody on earth."

WINDSOR MCKAY, the cartoonist, was approached on the street one afternoon last April by a disreputable looking beggar much the worse for alcoholic wear. The beggar whined that he needed five cents for food. "I ain't e't a bite in twenty-four hours," was his lament.

McKay gave him a nickel and, dropping back, followed the fellow at some distance. Presently he saw the beggar slide into the entrance of a saloon on West 36th-st. Hurrying, he got into the barroom just as the beggar was about to pour a huge glass of beer down his

throat. The five-cent piece was still lying on the bar.

With one hand the illustrator gathered in the nickel and with the other took the glass of beer from the beggar's hands and handed it back to the bartender. McKay winked at the latter and, turning to the beggar, who was shaking in fear of what he thought McKay was going to do to him, said:

"Come, my man, let us go to a good saloon. The beer here is very poor."

A WELL known vaudeville monologist sometimes imbibes to the extent where locomotion becomes marked by difficulties. One evening his legs gave out altogether, and a policeman lugged him to the night court. As it happened, the magistrate on the bench knew him well and let him go, after getting his promise to go straight to his hotel and stay there.

But, once at liberty, the monologist forgot all about his pledge to his friend the magistrate, and started in all over again. The next night he was brought to court

again, this time by two policemen instead of one. The magistrate eyed him sorrowfully as he appeared at the bridge, held upright by a towering bluecoat on each side.

"Tut, tut, tut!" said the Judge.

"Drunk again, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the unabashed comedian, as he shoved his two captors forward, "both of them, your Honor."

NO string of Broadway anecdotes would be complete without the recital of what Alfred Henry Lewis, recorder of Wolfville epics, said when somebody asked him what manner of man was a certain florid, flowery, Southern orator and writer who had newly located in New York.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Lewis slowly, "he's a moonlight night."

WHICH apt description runs neck and neck with what a certain distinguished queen of the stage called a rather simple minded clubman who pestered her with his attentions at every possible chance. She called him her "sick headache."



"Children Are Admitted at Half Price," Said Payton.

SECRET OF THE SIXTH FLOOR ROOM

By William Johnston

Drawing by Arthur E. Becker

A HARBOR fog wetter than rain itself blanketed the lower city. Great gray goblins of newspaper buildings peered with their night-working eyes through a chilling mist which had swept Park Row clean of its usual two o'clock in the morning loiterers. With collar turned up to protect his throat and hat turned down to shield his eyes, Black—Gordon Black, "The Chronicle's" best reporter—came out of his office building and hurried toward the subway with visions of a well earned supper up town.

From out of the fog—from nowhere—a gray-green figure loomed suddenly beside him. "Mr. Gordon Black?" it said inquiringly.

"Yes," he answered with a note of impatience at the prospect of delay.

A slim, strong hand—with well kept nails, he remembered afterward—thrust forth an envelop which he took mechanically, wondering what it meant.

The gray-green figure vanished in the mist. Black found himself standing at the top of the subway stairs gazing stupidly at the missive so strangely delivered. From whom could it be? What could it mean?

He turned to stare after the mysterious messenger, the gray-green man; but he had vanished as suddenly as he had appeared. All that Black's fagged brain had recorded of his appearance was that he was tall and slender, that his hand was slim and strong, a gentleman's hand, and that his voice was husky, perhaps from the mist, perhaps from liquor. He was conscious too of a curious impression of gray-green, which his analytical mind quickly decided was an optical illusion caused by the bridge lights shining through the mist on a black hat and mackintosh.

"I wish I had seen his face," he muttered as he glanced perplexedly at the letter in his hand.

HE did not open it until he was seated in his train. The envelop, he observed, was plain white, but of rather better quality than ordinary. On it his name was neatly typed, "Mr. Gordon Black," and nothing more. As he tore it open a look of blank amazement came into his face. On a single sheet of paper that matched the envelop in color and texture were some typewritten words, unaddressed and unsigned, which as he read them impressed him with a sense of familiarity:

Clever criminals always stumble. Everyone of them, however shrewd, always leaves behind him some sort of clue. Somebody finds that clue. Somebody finds the criminal. That's all there is to the detective business. That's all there is to my business. Room 632, THE GARTON.

Carefully he inspected both sides of sheet and envelop, in futile search for more light on the meaning of the strange message. Perplexed by the familiarity of the phrases before him, he tried to recall where he had heard them. Not until he was leaving the train at Times Square did the explanation come to him. They were his own sentences, word for word! He had used them last night as he sat at supper, he and Dr. Holden,

talking over the Caldwell murder mystery which he had recently solved.

But, even so, what was the explanation? What did the letter mean? Was it a prank of Holden's? No, that was hardly possible. Holden had sailed for Europe that morning. What then?

Over his chop and ale he pondered on the incident. From whom had the letter come, and why had it been delivered to him in such a peculiar manner? Suddenly the explanation dawned on him.

This was a challenge!

Some one, he reasoned, last night had been sitting near enough to them in the restaurant to overhear their conversation, some one who had committed a crime. Secure in the belief that he had left no clue, this criminal, whoever he was, had had the daring to challenge Black to discover what he believed to be an undiscoverable crime from a single clue. "Room 632, the Garton"—that was the clue.

Like the excellent reporter he was, Black took up the scent at once, bringing all his deductive faculties into action. Hastily calling for his check, he jumped into a taxicab and was off to the Garton.

"I want a room on the sixth floor," he told the night clerk of the big hotel, "No. 632 it was, I think, that I had before."

He spoke the number carelessly, striving to hide the anxiety he felt as the clerk turned leisurely to see if the room was unoccupied. Fortunately it was, and five minutes later, rid at last of an overattentive bellboy, Black was alone in the room ready to tackle the problem the unknown malefactor had set him.

HE went about it as he always approached the mysteries that so often were given him to solve. Drawing pencil and pad from his pocket after a moment's thought, he outlined his task in four divisions, or, rather, in four questions to be answered:

The crime—what is it?

The criminal—who is it?

The motive—what is it?

The clue—where is it?

"Of course," said Black, working by process of elimination, "it is murder. If it was arson, the hotel would be burned down. If robbery, the robbed person would have complained. If blackmail, the blackmailer would be giving no clues for fear of destroying the source of his golden eggs. Not many kinds of crime can be secretly perpetrated in hotel rooms. It is murder, of course. A murder has been committed in this very room recently, probably within a week, perhaps last night. No, it could not have been last night; for it was then the criminal overheard Holden and me talking. It must have been the night before that.

"Now, then, supposing we take it for granted it is murder, who is the criminal? More than likely it is the man who handed me this letter. It couldn't have been a woman. If one of them killed anybody, there would be plenty of clues; but you never would catch a woman voluntarily giving a tip that might lead to her undoing. No, it's a man. Let me see how much I know about him."

Rapidly he jotted down these points about his suspect:

Tall, slender, with husky voice. Hands strong, slim, well kept. Give the impression that owner at sometime worked at manual labor, but now has sufficient money to try to eradicate the marks. Undoubtedly a man of more than ordinary intelligence, but probably a bit unbalanced; perhaps an unsuspected paranoiac. Well acquainted with New York, and a bit of a rounder.

"If he didn't know the town pretty well," said Black to himself, "he wouldn't have thought of handing me that note at the time and place he did. Unless he is a rounder, he isn't likely to have been sitting at the next table to Holden and me in Churchill's at three in the morning. I wish I had noticed who was there that night!"

Whom did he kill? Black abstractedly studied his four questions, and, deciding that he had tabulated in his mind all he could about the first two, he turned to the third: "The motive—what is it?"

"I'm not going to bother about the identity of the victim," he said to himself, "until I have found some way of getting a line on previous occupants of this room. If I can get the list for the last week, I ought not to have much trouble in running them all down. The motive—of course it was a woman. Either a woman was murdered or a murder was committed for a woman's sake. In every premeditated murder there is always a woman somewhere. If men were all monks, there would be no murders."

"Now then for the clue! Some man killed somebody in this very room night before last. Let me put myself in the murderer's place. There lies the body. My plans have thus far been successful; but to prevent the discovery of my crime I must hide the body. How? Where?"

Black glanced round the room in search of possible hiding places. In one corner was a large clothes press. He opened the door and peered within. As he had anticipated, it was empty. He walked over to the dresser and carefully inspected the drawers one by one; but there was nothing in them.

"The obvious thing would be to put the body in a trunk and ship it away; but I do not believe my criminal would do that. It has been tried too many times before, and sooner or later the trunk is always opened. No, he is too clever for that. He devised some way for concealing the body that he believes cannot be discovered. That is why he dared to give me the clue of the room. What did he do with the body?"

Slowly he undressed and stretched himself on the

bed, still pondering on the question. "If there's anything in the theory of the ghost hunters," he thought, "that spirits are more likely to appear in cases of violent ending of life, I ought to have some mighty fine dreams to-night."

BUT he did not dream at all, or if he had dreams he did not recall any of them. He fell asleep quickly and slept till nearly noon. As he awoke the unanswered question, "What did he do with the body?" came again to him, filling him with annoyance at the way it baffled him. He felt positive that his deductions thus far were correct. Perhaps the hotel register might help him.

As he was adjusting his tie a thought came to him, and he withdrew the pin he had just placed in it and going down stairs approached the room clerk.

"Do you know who has been occupying the room I was in last night?" he asked. "It's six thirty-two. I found this pin there."

Unsuspectingly the clerk turned to the room list. "Night before last," he replied, "it was unoccupied. The night before that, Henry Lisster and son, Denver, Colorado. Before that it had not been occupied for several days."

"Did Lisster leave a forwarding address?"

"No," said the clerk, after consulting another list; "he was here for only one night and left no address."

"Here's my card," said Black with studied carelessness, "in case there are any inquiries for the pin."

Striving to hide the elation he felt, the reporter entered the café and ordered breakfast. He was certain now that he was on the right trail. This was Friday. The man registered as Lisster on Tuesday night had murdered his son in Room 632. He drew out his pad and added to the description of the murderer:

Uses name Henry Lisster, perhaps assumed, yet probably his real name, as son would be likely to note alias on register. Has traveled in the West or lived there at some time; otherwise would not have registered from Denver.

After breakfast he reengaged the sixth floor room for another night and started for his office, puzzling his brains now with two questions:

What possible motive could a man have for murdering his own son?

After committing a murder in a hotel room how could the murderer conceal the body so as to prevent discovery?

On entering "The Chronicle" office he went first, as was his habit, to the mailboxes. He found several letters, one of which he seized eagerly. The envelop was of the same sort as had been handed to him in the fog. He tore it open and read just a single sentence:

The Sixth Floor Room.

"Undoubtedly he's a paranoiac," he muttered. "And he is so certain of his crime not being discovered that he is taunting me."

He examined the envelop to see where the letter had been mailed and saw that it came from the Times Square Station. Again taking out his pad, he added to the description:

Probably lives in one of the hotels or in bachelor apartments in the vicinity of 42d-st.

THROUGHOUT a busy day he kept turning over the two questions in his mind, without finding satisfactory answers to either. Midnight found him again entering his favorite restaurant for supper. He curtly declined several invitations to join acquaintances at various tables and took a seat alone at a little table in the rear. Fritz, the head waiter, bore down on him with a letter in his hand. Even before he took it Black knew it must be from the gray-green man.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

Fritz shrugged his shoulders. "It was left here for you."

"By whom? With whom?"

Again the exasperating shrug.

Realizing the futility of further questions, Black took the envelop Fritz handed him and as the head waiter moved away tore it open with unconcealed eagerness. Again the same cryptogrammatic phrase danced before his eyes:

The Sixth Floor Room.

Again there was no signature, not even a blot, nothing except this hidden challenge from the unknown, from the gray-green man.

"He certainly is sure of himself," said Black thoughtfully, as he put the envelop in his pocket with the other two he had received.

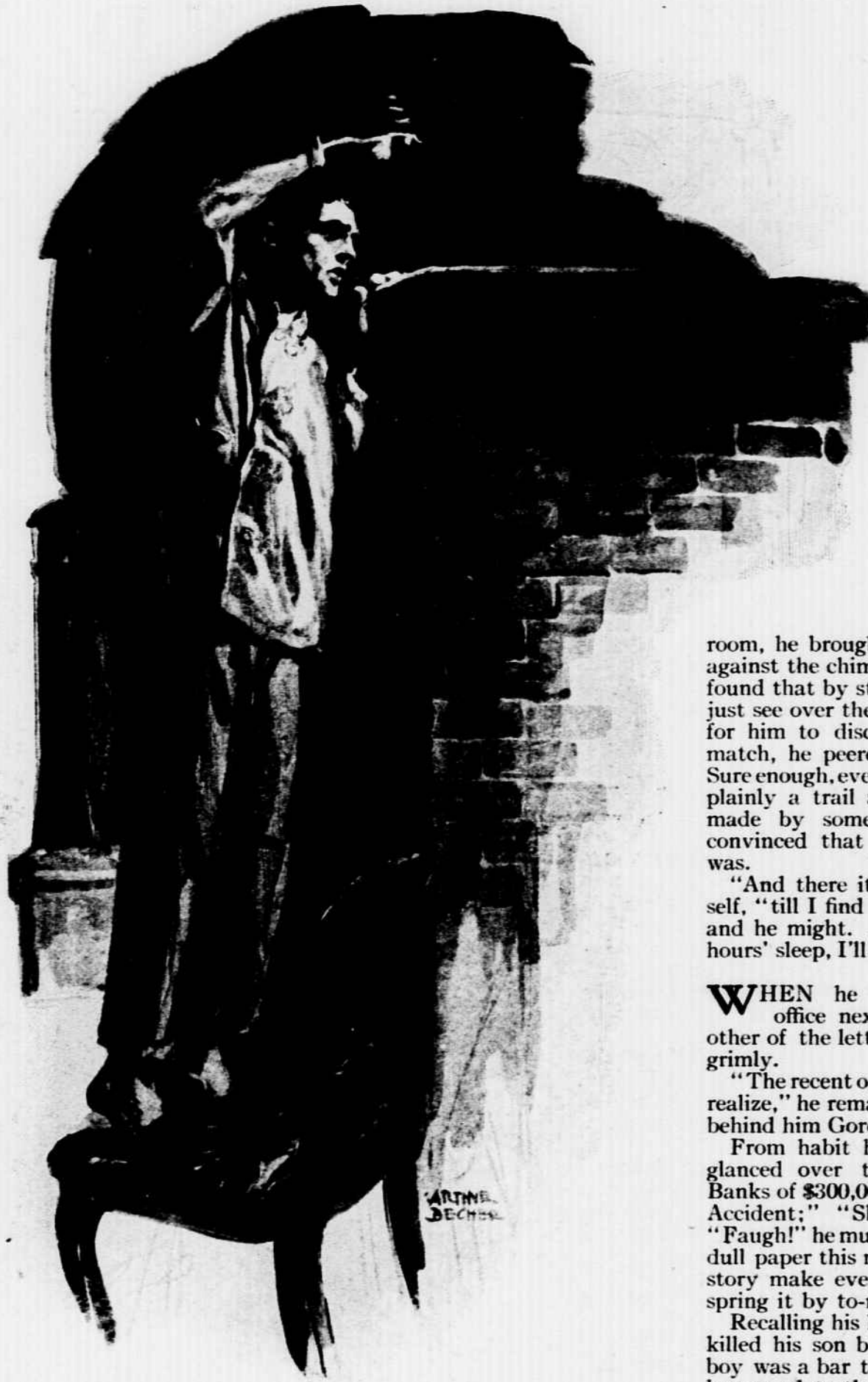
His supper finished, he went at once to the Garton, where in the room of mystery he sat till nearly dawn, racking his brain for a solution of his problems in crime.

Why should a man kill his own son? Various hypotheses suggested themselves. One by one he analyzed them and rejected them all—all but one. There was just one theory with which all the facts he had gathered and all the theories he had formed seemed to fit perfectly.

"Henry Lisster," he reasoned to himself, "was from the West. He had strong, powerful hands. More than likely he had been a miner and had struck it rich, rich enough to come East to live, to become familiar with New York, rich enough to keep his nails manicured and to try to eradicate from his hands the marks of toil. With wealth naturally enough had come the desire for social position. The easiest way for a man of his stamp to gain entrance to society would be by marriage."

A smile of satisfaction spread over Black's face as he went on with his line of reasoning. He was beginning to see a possible motive for the murder.

"In Lisster's life in the West there must of course have been another woman, perhaps a wife, perhaps not. At any rate, there had been a son. Just as Lisster's



Sure Enough. He Saw the Trail in the Dust!

plans for marriage here are ripening, the son appears. His presence in the city is a constant menace to the father. There is danger at any moment that his past may be exposed to the woman he expects to marry. The son must be got rid of. He tries various plans; but the son rejects all his proposals. He brings him here to the Garton. There is an argument. The father loses his temper. He strangles his son, before he realizes that he has killed his own flesh and blood. Some men in the circumstances might go and give themselves up, driven by remorse to confession; but that is not Lisster's type. He resolves to conceal the body and to continue with his matrimonial plans. The thought of his crime keeps recurring and drives him to challenge me to wrest his secret from its hiding place. But where did he conceal the body?"

Again and again Black's keen eyes roved the room in search of a possible hiding place. His utter failure to solve this one part of the problem annoyed him greatly. Exasperated at not finding his wits a match for those of the murderer, he undressed and lay down on the bed, not to sleep but to ponder.

THE whistle and clang of passing fire engines recalled him to realities. As he sprang to the window he could hear the shouts of the firemen, and realized that the blaze must be somewhere close by. But as he thrust his head out of the window all thought of the fire vanished.

"Of course!" he exclaimed in tones of triumph.

The window opened on the flat roof of a business building adjoining. At first glance he felt that the solution of the problem of the hidden body lay directly before him. Though he was clad only in his pajamas, he climbed out the window on the roof, which came on a level with the lower half of the sash a little more than three feet distant. Expectantly he looked about and quickly espied, not twenty feet away, a chimneylike structure rising six or eight feet from the level roof. It was the vent of an air shaft which ran through the building, and he could see that it was open at the top.

"He flung the body of his victim down there, of course," said Black to himself, crossing over to examine it more closely.

Four impressions, or rather two pairs of impressions, in the dust, showed him where a chair had been placed against the side of the chimney.

"After he had killed his son," said Black thought-

fully, "he looked round for a place in which to conceal the body. There was no place in the room. He came out here and espied this. He could not reach the top; so he returned to the room and brought out a chair. He returned for the body and climbed up on the chair. To regain his balance after climbing up, he let the body rest for a second on the chimney top, then shoved it over and let it drop to the bottom of the shaft, probably down to some subcellar that is seldom inspected. If my deductions are right, the dust on the chimney will show where the body was placed just before it dropped."

Returning to his room, he brought out a chair and stood it against the chimney. As he mounted it he found that by standing on tiptoe he could just see over the edge. It was still too dark for him to discover much; so, lighting a match, he peered carefully at the bricks. Sure enough, even the flickering flame showed plainly a trail across the dust apparently made by some heavy object. He was convinced that he knew where the body was.

"And there it can stay," he said to himself, "till I find Lisster. It won't run away, and he might. As soon as I have had a few hours' sleep, I'll take to the trail after him."

WHEN he reached "The Chronicle" office next morning and found another of the letters in his mailbox he smiled grimly.

"The recent occupant of Room 632 doesn't realize," he remarked to himself, "how close behind him Gordon Black is."

From habit he picked up the paper and glanced over the headlines: "Defrauded Banks of \$300,000;" "Four Killed in Auto Accident;" "Skeleton Strangely Stolen." "Faugh!" he muttered. "It's a confoundingly dull paper this morning. Won't my Lisster story make everybody sit up if I can only spring it by to-morrow morning?"

Recalling his hypothesis that Lisster had killed his son because the existence of the boy was a bar to his approaching marriage, he turned to the society columns—not that he expected to find anything in the way of a clue there, for he had made up his mind that Lisster was in all probability an assumed name. But, hardly believing his eyes, he read:

LISSTER-GOLDEN

The most interesting event this week to the social world is the marriage of Miss Eleanor Golden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Golden, to Mr. Henry Lisster, which takes place at two o'clock this afternoon at the home of the bride's parents.

A feeling of exultation swept over Black at this unexpected verification of his hypothesis; but he wasted no time on jubilation. A glance at his watch showed him that it was already quarter past eleven. What was to be done must be done quickly. The gray-green paranoiac must not be permitted to carry out his wedding plans. He rushed to the city editor's desk.

Horton, veteran in news gathering, listened at first incredulously, soon interestedly, and at last enthusiastically, to the story that burst from Black's excited lips. By the time his star reporter was showing the letters he had received the city editor was already making his plans.

"Look here, Black!" he said. "I happen to know that Lisster has bachelor apartments up on West 44th-st. You jump up there as fast as you can and I'll telephone headquarters to send up the best detective available. If Collins is there, I'll ask the Chief to send him. He has worked with you before. Wait for him in front of the Lambs' Club. Meanwhile I'll tip off the people who are covering the wedding that it is likely to be postponed. Of course all other papers will make a mystery out of the postponement; but I know the Chief will keep Lisster's arrest a secret until we are ready to spring it. It will make a corking scoop, a regular corker!"

IT was just twenty-five minutes later when Detective Collins joined Black in front of the Lambs' Club. As tersely as he had told the city editor, Black narrated to the detective the reasons he had for believing that Henry Lisster should be arrested at once. So convincing was his array of facts that the detective agreed with him. Together they entered the bachelor apartment house. A man servant admitted them to Lisster's rooms.

"Mr. Lisster isn't here," he explained; "but I am expecting him every minute. He's got to be in soon to dress for—"

He discreetly left the sentence unfinished and with-

Continued on page 19



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winds, and brass. When I was able to perform on everything, from the contra bass to the harp, the practical instruction began. As I look back now on the work of those first six months, I cannot but feel that I earned every penny of the twenty dollars a month allowed by the city.

Meanwhile my pupils advanced famously. I had some piano pupils outside the conservatory, and twice a week went to the neighboring city of Canossa to drill the Philharmonic Society of that place. What spare time I could find I devoted to the score of "Ratcliff." After two years and a half I had it fairly complete; but not as I wanted it. However, I laid it aside, and have never touched it since.

The notion had come to me that it might be easier to impress the public with a work of more popular appeal and of less ambitious construction. For several years the main idea of "Cavalleria Rusticana" had been in my head, and now I decided to take some steps toward working it out. When Novi Lena, Deputy for Leghorn, died in 1888, I availed myself of the reduced railroad rates granted to electors and returned to my birthplace to request my great friend Tergione to compose a libretto for me. He was not enthusiastic, and I returned to Cerignola very heavy hearted. Professor Michele Sinischalchi then tried to persuade his friend Master Rocco Pagliara to furnish my libretto; but Pagliara felt he could not give up the time to the work without some positive assurance of compensation. He offered to do so if I could find a publisher to buy "Ratcliff."

Just at this time the publisher Edward Sonzogno offered his great prize for an operatic competition. To win it meant not only relief from poverty, but the performance of my work by the best artists, and therefore the fullest opportunity to show what talent I possessed. I was frantic for a libretto, and railed at my lack of money to procure one. Finally, after I had bombarded my friends in Leghorn with letters begging them to induce Tergione to help me, I was overjoyed by receiving solemn assurance that I should have the libretto for "Cavalleria."

Then indeed I began to dream in real earnest. My head was full of the music of the various scenes as I had conceived them. And all the time buzzing in my ears were the words, "They have murdered Neighbor Turridu!" I wanted a big effect for that scene to close the work with a strong dramatic impression.

One morning as I walked the main street of Canossa on my way to a lesson, the finale burst upon me, swift and vivid as a lightning stroke. I could hear those words, not sung, but shouted with surprise and horror, which was echoed by a crashing theme in the orchestra as Santuzza reeled on the stage and brought the work to a close with her despairing cry for her dead lover. The whole scene was clear before me, and it went into the opera without alteration. I can say, therefore, that the end of the opera was its beginning.

When I received by mail a few days later the first verses of the libretto (it was the "Siciliana"; for the prelude was an afterthought), I was very happy, and in a joking mood said to my wife:

"We have a great expense to meet."

"What is it?" she asked with anxiety.

"We must buy an alarm clock."

"And for what?"

"To-morrow I must rise before daybreak and begin to write 'Cavalleria Rusticana.'"

That ended all possibility of protest, and, with reckless disregard of our scanty financial hoard, we went out joyfully together to make the big purchase. I remember to this day that our shopping expedition resulted in the extravagant outlay of nine lire.

I set the alarm, and we retired early. But our purchase proved an unnecessary luxury, after all; for during the night, February 3, 1889, our little angel Mimi was born. In spite of that I kept my promise to myself, and day was just breaking when with a heart full of joy and gratitude I began to write the opening chorus of the opera that soon after brought me fortune and fame.

Sixth Floor Room

Continued from page 9

drew, leaving them alone in Lisster's sitting room. Black's keen eye at once caught a typewriting desk in the corner, and he hastened to examine it. The first drawer he opened was filled with paper and envelopes exactly like that on which his letters had been written.

"No doubt about it!" said the detective. "It's the same paper."

They pulled open another drawer. There was further confirmation of their suspicions, —a half-dozen envelopes, sealed, and addressed in typewriting to Gordon Black.



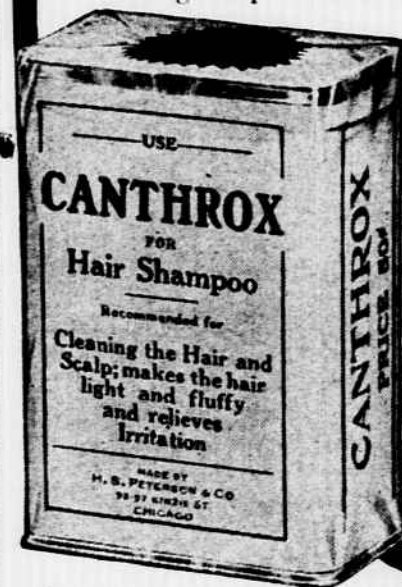
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Your Hair Dries Quickly Without Streaking

You never saw such an abundance of fine, rich, creamy, cleansing lather as Canthrox makes. It removes every particle of dust, oil and dandruff—relieves itching scalp—and leaves the hair bright, soft and fluffy.



Canthrox is Sold by Druggists Everywhere
50c a Package, Containing Fifteen Shampoos

Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water—and your shampoo is ready. Unlike many soaps, Canthrox contains nothing that is likely to cause the hair to become streaky, coarse or brittle, or split at the ends.

If asked for, Canthrox Shampoos are given in many first-class Hair Dressing and Shampoo Parlors.

Trial Offer: We have such confidence that Canthrox will please you that upon receipt of your name and address, and a 2c stamp to pay postage, we will send you sufficient Canthrox for a shampoo, so that you can try it at our expense.

H. S. PETERSON & CO.,

240 Kinzie Street

Chicago, Ill.

"That's evidence enough for anyone," said Black positively.

Carefully closing the drawers, they returned to their chairs and waited—waited for the gray-green man to walk into the trap, to be arrested for the murder of his son.

They heard hurried footsteps approaching the door. Collins felt to make sure that his revolver was within easy reach. Captured paranoiacs sometimes become violent. A key turned and the door opened.

A gawky young chap in a college cap looked in and almost fell to the floor, so astounded did he appear to be.

"Gordon Black," he gasped, "what are you doing here? Did you find the skeleton?"

Black, equally astounded, stood gaping at this young fellow whom he had never seen before, yet called him by name.

"Who are you? What skeleton?" asked the detective.

"I'm Jack Lisster, Henry Lisster's son," the boy explained, as Collins, exhibiting his detective's shield, moved forward toward him. "It was only a college prank, really it was. They made me steal the dean's pet skeleton for an initiation stunt up at college, and the airshaft seemed such a safe hiding place that I challenged Black to find it."

Black, with one glance at the boy's slim, strong hands with their well kept nails, started hastily to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" called Collins, hardly able to restrain his laughter.

"I'm going to jump down that airshaft," replied "The Chronicle's" best reporter.

SIGN COURTESY

WHILE notices to the public are usually made with little reference to politeness, the traveler being likely to meet with a warning or a caution couched in strong but curt terms, there is one place at least where the regard of the passerby is taken for granted and is acknowledged.

At the hospital just opposite the entrance to the East India docks and the Blackwall Tunnel, under the Thames, notice boards are set up asking drivers, for the sake of those who are ill within, to walk their horses past the building.

That is a common enough request; but what gives it peculiar interest here is that the driver, having complied or not with the modest demand, is confronted at the other corner of the building by another board, reading, "Thank you, driver."

DR. J. PARKER PRAY'S TOILET PREPARATIONS



Where Beauty Is Concerned

No. 1932 Guaranteed under the FOOD and DRUG ACT, June 30, 1906
ESTABLISHED 1868

CREAM VAN OLA

For softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues and is considered the standard by the fastidious. Jars, 25 cents.

ROSALINE

Cannot be detected, gives the face and nails a delicate rose tint that is truly beautiful. ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jars, 25 cents.

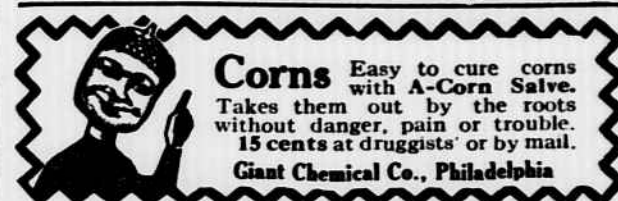
DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL

A powder free from grit, producing an immediate and lasting polish. Its delicate rose tint will not discolor the skin or cuticular fold of the nails. Diamond shape box, 25c. and 50c.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors

10 and 12 East 23rd Street, New York City



Corns Easy to cure corns with A-Corn Salve. Takes them out by the roots without danger, pain or trouble. 15 cents at druggists' or by mail.

Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia

DENT'S Toothache Gum

Stops toothache instantly whether there's a cavity or not. Is not dissolved in the mouth, but stays right on the spot. Stops decay. Don't take substitutes. See that you get Dent's Toothache Gum. At all druggists, 15c., or by mail. Dent's Corn Gum cures corns and bunions, 15 cents. C. S. DENT & CO., A Swell Affair. 60 Larned St., Detroit, Mich.